A GRAY DAY.

Forth from a sky of windless gray Pours down the soft, persistent rain, And she for whom I sigh in vain, Who makes my bliss, now makes my pain, Being far from me this autumn day— So far away.

Upon the waters void and gray

Upon the waters void and gray
No floating sail appears in sight—
The dull rain and the humid light
No wind has any heart to spite,
This dreary, wary, autumn day,
With love away.
Where she is may skies not be gray,
But sunlight thrill the vital air—
Ah, were she here, or were I there,
Skies might be duil, or might be fair,
And I not heed, so she this day
Were not away.
No gull wings out 'twixt gray and gray—
All gray, as far as eye can reach;
The sea too listless seems for speech,
And vaguely frets upon the beach,
As knowing she this autumn day
Is far away.
Ah, like that sea my life looks gray—
Like a forgotten land it lies,
With no light on it from her eyes,
Lovely and changeful as those skies
'Neath which she walks this autumn day
So far away.
But they shall pass, these skies of gray,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bhiss and makes my pain,
Shall turn my gray to gold again,
Being not, as now, that future day,
So far away
Phillip Bourke Marse

Stagbrook.'
'All the prints Dolly's got have been washed ever

*All the prints Dolly's got have been washed ever 60 many times. Aunt.'

'I daresay they have. They'll be just the things for the seaside. Then she has that pretty figured muslin that was new last year; and for best, she has her white. Not that, as I believe, she will require to wear it. Dorothy asked me whether it had better be taken or not.'

'The white has been washed too,' cried Lydia. 'I wonder Mr. and Mrs. Krane can spare her. How will the children get on without Dolly, Annt Charlotte!—and the parish!—and the schools!'

'As well as they can,' answered Miss Hamlet. 'All work and no play is not good for anybody—least good of all for the young. Dolly needs a change more than you do, and the tears stood in Mr. Krane's eyes when he thanked me for thinking of her. Another cup. Lydia!'

The church and parsonage stood half a mile from

of her. Another cup. Lydia?

The church and parsonage stood half a mile from Stagbrook. The Reverend Abel Krane was the incumbent; a hard-working, conscientions man, with a flock of children, and a small income to keep them on. Dolly was the eldest; and she had to teach and take care of the others, not to speak of the running about in the parish, which she partly did for her mother, who was as hard-worked as the rector. Mrs. Krane, formerly Dorothy Hamlet, was first cousin to Miss Charlotte Hamlet and to Mrs. Tafferel.

Brightwater was reached; and the Royal Vic-Brightwater was reached; and the Royal vic-toria proved to be an imposing white mansion, with pillars and balconies and green blinds. Muss Hamlet found it very comfortable and liked it better than she had thought for.

A slight accident happened to her the day after her arrival. In stepping from a carriage, for she had treated the young people to a drive, she twisted has for. It was nothing very serious, needing only

had treated the young people to a drive, she twisted her foot. It was nothing very serious, needing only a few days' rest. Se Miss Hamlet reposed on one of the sofas near the window in the ladies drawing-room, by day, feasting her eyes on the beantiful, ever moving sea, and conversing placidly with another invalid lady, who had come to Brightwater to recover strength after an illness, and did not seem to be able to do it quickly.

For the girls this was just delightful. Not, of course, that they could rejoice over a twisted ankle, but it was pleasant to be able to go about without the supervision of Aunt Charlotte. The hotel was not half full, but it was enjoying itself. There was not half full, but it was enjoying itself. There was not half the carpet-dancing, a little flirting, and short moonlight promenades in the hotel garden and on the beach.

One drawback the Miss Tafferels did find: not a

One drawback the Miss Tafferels did find : not a

One drawback the Miss Tafterels did find: not a soul of the male sex, then at the hotel, could be pronounced quite eligible. Three or four very young men, who were there with their mothers and sisters, and three or four middle-aged ones, who looked grave, and no doubt had wives at home, comprised the list. But the three sisters got a great deal of admiration; they were tall, stylish, and showy, with rather Spanish-looking faces, sparkling dark eyes, and blue-black hair. Their manners in society were perfect; their repartees delightful. 'Three charming girls.' declared young Mr. Pender a dozen times a day, or as often as he could get away from his tutor. 'Never saw such beauties.'

Dolly Krane was nowhere beside them; eclipsed as a pale star by the brilliant moon. She was pretty in her way, but of style she had none. She only about came up to Miss Lydia's shoulder; a slender girl, retiring in manner, shrinking from strangers, rather than courting them. Not but that her face was a very pleasant one: fair, gentle, with carnest blue eyes, ever smiling, and chiselled features; her fine, silky hair had a gold tinge on it. Dolly was very to her and remained in her place accordingly. She was accustomed to think of them as rich and fortunate young ladies, quite above herself. A sweet nature, a sunny temper, utterly unselfish, and ever ready to help 'ell the world: such was Dolly Krane. Three or four days after the ankle was injured. Miss Hamlet was able to use it again without much trouble, and she went in that evening leaning upon

Three or fow days after the ankle was injured, Miss Hamlet was able to use it again without much trouble, and she went in that evening, leaning upon Ldvin's arm, to join the dinner in the public room.

'Dolly,' cried the young lady in a tone of command, 'you had better change your place for this one next to Aunt Charlotte. And then you will be at land, you know, to help her to anything she was want.'

Now, by a skilful arrangement of the mistress of the ceremonies, the elder people were placed to-

place now—save the servants. When I am at home now I am alone."
The young ladies noticed that he was in slight mourning, and concluded that he were it for his mother. The conversation was becoming eminently satisfactory, for was not this an explicit avowar that the Baron was a bachelor. Lydia's lips had been twitching to ask whether he was or not, but it was perhaps too home a question and might have been misconstrued; and now it was answered without asking! How lucky! When men get to be thirty years of age—and he looked to be a much as that—one could never be at any certainty.

'Your father, I gather, is also dead, then, Baroaf' she began again.

'Your father, I gather, is also dead, then, Barou's she began again.
'He died many years ago.'
'The Baron got up and stepped away: perhaps he was tired of being asked questions; took a small telescope from his pocket and stood looking at the sea. Presently he put it up again, turned back to the bench, and sat down at the other end; which brought him next to Dolly. She was knitting a sock, and he began talking to her about it.
'For a little brother or sister, perhaps, mademoisselle?'

selle?"
'Yes,' said Dolly, her blue eyes brightening with
the success of the guess, as she raised them to his.
'I knit all the socks for two or three of the little ones. It is cheaper than buying, and they last

'You have two or three brothers, then—or sisters, are they?'

'You have two or three brothers, then—or sisters, are they?'
'I have ever so many,' laughed Dolly. 'Four brothers, and four sisters; we are nine in all.'
'Are you the eldest of them?'
'Yes, the very oldest. The four boys come after me, and then the little girls. Mamma often says she is thankful that I came before the boys.'
'Eut why?'
'Oh, because I can help her; I can do so much for them all. A boy could not have done anything.'
'So you are a very industrious young lady?'
'I have to be,' said Dolly simply. 'And oh, you don't know—you can't guess—how delightful it is to have a holiday, and to be at the seaside. I never saw the sea before; and now I wish I could always see it.'

see it.'

Dolly spoke out in her enthusiasm. Her eyes
were bent on her knitting; she was thinking of
home. The Baron's eyes were bent on her; and the other girls saw it.
'You had better go in now, Dolly,' said Mis-

other girls saw it.

'You had better go in now, Dolly,' said Miss Lydia. 'Aunt Charlotte may be wanting you.' And Dolly took up her ball of wool, and went slowly off, knitting as she went.

'She is not your sister, is she, that young lady?' asked the Baron.

'Oh dear, no!' they all screamed at once, wondering at the little discernment of men, even of real French barons. They displayed an elaborate toilet in all the fashion of the day; Dolly had nothing on but a pink gingham, already washed to paleness. Their head-gear was bristling with feathers and steel bugles and cockatoo tufts; Dolly's straw hat had a bit of ribbon twisted round it. 'Our sister!' My dear Baron! how could you! She is only Dorothy Krane, a very distant cousin.'

'Dorothy Krane,' repeated the Baron. 'Krane?' Yes, rather an odd name, is it not!—spelt with a K. We call her Dolly.'

When Miss Hamlet heard that the newly-arrived guest was a French baron she feit doubtful. 'I think,' she observed to her nieces, 'that you had better not cultivate any accuaintance with him. He was very pleasant and affable last night at the dinner table; but it is well to nold foreigners at a distance.'

'Good gracious, aunt!' exclaimed the young ladies, 'they, we have been talking to him out.

distance.'
Good gracious, aunt? exclaimed the young ladies. I. Why, we have been talking to him out there all the morning?' For this conversation occurred on this same day when they came in at

curred on this same day when they came in at lineheon time.

'Especially foreign noblemen,' went on Miss Hamlet; 'barons and counts, and such like. It happens sometimes that the titles are only put on, and that those who assume them are but adventurers. I have heard tell of such things.'

'Now, Aunt Charlotte! can you suppose such a thing of this one? His very looks, his manners might tell you he is a perfect gentleman.'

'Some years ago, Lydia, a foreigner came to Stagbrook, and took the best rooms in the place. I forget his name; in fact, none of us ever quite got at its true pronunciation; it sounded like Crassaco, and that is what we called it—the Count de Crass-

gether at the head of the table, and the younger ones at the foot; she had been young herself twenty years ago and know what was well bolly's heart at a sort of all away from the lively company of her own ago, to sit with the soher delders. The feeling passed in a moment. Dolly had ould rivel down by others, not to include the year place for years. The feeling has been over a go, to sit with the soher delders. The feeling passed in a moment. Dolly had ould rivel down by others, not to include the year place for year. The feeling has been moved away to her own.

Let it be your place for good, Dolly, said Lydin, as he moved away to her own.

Now I date to year place for good, Dolly, said Lydin, as he moved away to her own.

Now I date to year place for good, Dolly, was taking her some, there glided quietly into the vacant seal because the side her a fail, handsome, distunguished as he side her a fail, handsome, distunguished the was nown, there glided quietly into the vacant seal because and was the some that he word, which we had to exist in this world, while Polly was taking her some, there glided quietly into the vacant seal because and and regular, eyes, har and winskers of a dark brown, and a slight brown must have the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount, whose face in fact, it was a very attractive face, its features pale and regular, eyes, har and winskers of a dark brown, and a slight brown must be the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount, and he well as the proposed for a mount, and he well as the proposed for a mount, and he well as the proposed for a mount, and he well as the proposed for a mount, and he well as the proposed for a mount, and he well as the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount of the diversity of the proposed for a mount of

Series and the series of the s

"Stay a moment, Lydia. Don't you remember he said one day he was alone at home: that the chateau contained only two or three old servants?"

'It is all of a piece, retorted Lydia, 'lle is starring it here under talse colors. And if his wife is not left to the home solitude, she is starring it somewhere upon her own account, take my word log that. Small blame to her, as Mr. O'Melley says. Serves him right! Well, I do hate and despise desiberate decei! 'A special piliory ought to be invented for it.'

The young ladies went indoors. In a lacit sort of way they united to hate their morthication, and to say nothing of the discovery. Let some of the other girls get taken in! As if to reward their magnalimity, a troop of fresh male guesta arrived that day at the hotel, two of them looking particularly eligible; so the Baron was left in peace by the Miss Tailcreis.

at the hotel, two of them tooking particularly eligible; so the Baron was left in peace by the Miss Tailerels.

The following morning, when they had gone for a drive with their aunt, bally took her knitting and sat down under the awning on the beach. It was a lovely day, not quite so hot as yesterday; the sun shone on the sands, but it was tempered by a breeze that blew over the sea. Children were playing about, yearg men and women strolled by the rocks, picking up shells and seaweed. Out at sea, a few white sais gluttered in the sun; a distant stean er passed smoothly along, seeming to touch the horizon. A dainty yacht was making toward the landing-place; some fishing-smacks were publing out. It was a charming picture of life at the seashore; a life which is healthy because it is pleasant, and pleasant in that it is lazy.

Oh, how delightful it is? breathed Dolly aloud when she had cazed long at the seene. 'If I could but see it always! If we did but live near the sea? 'Sometimes the sea is gloomy and rough, said a voice at her clow. 'How would you like it then, Miss Krane?'

He came into view from behind the awning, and

He came into view from behind the awning, and at down, the Baron de Kinger H.

Miss Krane?

He came into view from behind the awning, and sat down, the Baron de Fierreville, starting Dolly. She had seen him go off by an omnihus after breakfast, and did not know he was back again.

It think I should like it always, she answered with deprecation. Rough or smooth, the sea must be always beautiful. We cannot have fair weather every day, and must take the bad with the good.

Ay: that's philosophy. How is it that you have run away from me of late?

Dolly binshed to the tips of her busy fingers, I have a good deal to do for Annt Hamiet; she wants me to read to her, and to give her my arm when she walks,' answered Dolly.

Where are your cousins this morning?

They are gone out for a drive with my aunt.

Was there not room for you?

Not any,' said Dolly. I should have made five. It would have crushed their new cambrie dresses.

Dolly's dress this morning was a simple cotton with pretty bine sprigs upon it. The Baron sat in silence for a few moments looking at her, so uppretending, so fresh and fair, with her clear, pleasant face shaded by its beautiful hair.

Do you like your cousins? he asked.

Oh, very much. They are irnly kind, and they give me a great many things. Did you notice—but of course you did not. How foolish I am?

Now please tell me what you were going to say, Miss Krane. Did I notice what?

Dolly binshed again. 'You must forgive me; I spoke without thought. It was only whether you happened to notice a new silk dress I came down to dinner in yesterday. Juila gave it me. It was hers, and she said I might alter it for my-self, for people must be tired of seeing me in the gray. Oh, they are very kind, very nice; you

was hers, and she said I might alter it for myself, for people must be tired of seeing me in the
gray. Oh, they are very kind, very nice; you
would like them better and better the more you
knew of them.'

'They are rich, I suppose?'

'Well, yes: rich, at least, as compared with me.
Aunt Charlotte says they are giddy and talk too
much,' added Dolly, hoping to ofter an excuse for
the young ladies' behavior to her hearer. 'But they
will remedy that, you know, as they get older.'

The Baron laughed. 'You young ladies don't put
old heads on your shoulders yet awhile, do you,
Miss Krane? Why, I suppose you are not more
than nineteen?'

I don't care to speak of them—it you wan beese to question me.

He laughed a little. 'How would you like to live in France?' he asked 'In a little and pleasant house not far from the sea—which can be seen from its windows.'

The tone he spoke in was very peculiar—curiously tender; and Dolly blushed hotly.

'I—I must go in,' she said. 'Aunt Charlotte will be angry with me?
But the Baron did not let her go. He caught her hand as she was turning, and stood holding it in

hand as she was turning, and stood holding it in his.

Why do you want to run away from me, Miss Dolly? Don you know that I left Close and the yacht on purpose to come to you? Let me tell you a little about this house in France.

Four or five young near foomed on the teragee, smoking their cigars. Seeing the Baron, they called to him, and 'bolly escaped indoors.

Come back, has he? commented Miss Lydia Tafferel. 'He might have stayed away, for all the ornament he is here, or the good he does us.'

My dear, don't be severe,' reproved Aunt Charlotte. 'At one time you seemed, all three of you, to think the Baron was an angel, if I may apply the word to a young man. Latt rly you have been almost rude to him.'

"Well, aunt, and with cause. Here he came, flourishing annelst us, never saying who he was or what he was: passing himself oil for a bachelor."

Stay a moment, Lydia. You talk too fast. How did he "pass himself oil" for a bachelor? I suppose you mean that you girls took up the notion that he was one?

"An way, he did not say he was a married man.'

was one?

'Anyway, he did not say he was a married man.'

'Anyway, he did not say he was a married man.'

that he was. It was a piece of audacious decut.'

'Is he married?'

'He is. He began talking to us the other day

And pray, my dears, what possible difference can

about his wife.'

'And pray, my dears, what possible difference can it make to you whether he is married or not?' demanded Aunt Charlotte, looking at them over her spectacles. 'You wend not, any one of you, think of a French baron for yourselves, I expect—not even you, Lydia.'

'Of course not?' retorted Lydia with emphasis.'
'You don't understand things, Annt Charlotte. The world is becoming too much advanced for you.'
I think its young people are,' retorted Aunt Charlotte; and she said no more. But Dolly, listening to this from a distant corner, turned as white as a sheet. Her dream was over.

So that she was not yvery much pleased when she saw the Faron coming toward her the following afternoon. Dolly had her full share of good sense, as of proper pride, and she knew that the Baron de Fierreville, a married man, had not spoken to her like a gentleman the previous evening on the Baron de Fierreville, a married man, had not spoken to her like a gentleman the previous evening on the terrace; no, nor at one or two other times. Miss Hamlet and the girls were gone for a drive again. Doily did not often get a chance of going; and she took the zig zag, circuitous path to a seat in the middle of the rocks—a solitary place, rarely invaded by the visitors. But the Baron mest have watched her, for presently she saw him climbing up perpendicularly. Fright put other things out of her head.

'Oh, pray, pray do not try to come up that way."

ner nead. Oh, pray, pray do not try to come up that way! she cried out in an agony, expecting every moment to see him fall backward. Oh, why will you But he gained the ledge and the seat without

mishap. There were rocks near his own home, and he had climbed them from a child. 'Did you fear for me?' he asked in a low, sweet Dolly was very pale. I thought it a hazardous

Dolly was very pale. 'I thought it a hazardous thing to do,' she answered. 'I think so still,'

But I wanted to come to you. I want to tell you about my home in France—we were interrupted by those men last night. Do you think you should feel altogether unhappy if I asked you to come and live in it with me, Miss Dolly!'

Dolly put her work into its little basket, and arose from her seat to depart. 'Baron de Fierreville,' she stayed to say, her very lips becoming whiter. 'Will you allow me to ask what your wife would think of this, could she hear you!'

But she can't hear me,' said the Baron staring. Dolly burst into tears of agitation. 'Be so good as to let me pass, sir. I took you for a gentleman; I did, indeed; and you told me you knew and esteemed my father!'

But what do you mean?' he asked in astonish-

esteemed my father!

But what do you mean? be asked in astonishment. 'How have I offended you!'

'It has been all very bad—on your part,' retorted Dolly, in trembling accents. 'To excuse yourself

It was now Dolly's turn to stare, as she took in what this implied. 'Is your wife dead?' she faltered.

'She will have been dead a year on the thirtieth of this month,' said the Baron. 'Did you not know she was dead?'

'No,' gasped Dolly. 'I heard last night that she was living. Please forgive me for showing anger.'
He drew her back to the seat beside him, but his arm round her waist, perhaps by way of support, and let her have her cry out.

'Your father and mother could have told you, my dear, that when they saw my wife with me in Switzerland she was nearly in the last stage of consumption. All hope of recovery was then over. And, Dolly, I feel sure they like me; I think they will not mind your coming home to the chateau.'

For the first time that evening the Baron appeared in the dancing-room. He approached Dolly sitting nearly behind the window curtain. 'You will give me a dance,' he whispered.

'I do not know what Aunt Charlotte would say,' breathed Dolly in answer.

'I will make peace with Aunt Charlotte. Come! Why,' laughing, as she still hesitated, 'a short while, and you will have to obey me of right. Remember that, my darling.'

Nobody could believe their eyes. The Baron in the room at last, treading a measure with Dolly Krane! With Dolly Krane; of all people! The measure was a waltz, and Dolly's pretty white skirts, for she had put on her best robe that evening, floated about her as she moved round in the Baron's arms, and her eyes were cast down timidly, and her face was blushing.

Miss Hamlet had never been so much surprised in all her life as she was that evening, when, being left alone in the little card-room, she found the Baron de Fierreville, bowing deeply before her, a la mode Francaise, telling her that Dolly had promised to be his wife. And that when she, Miss Hamlet held to ne, he should beg permission to accompany them on his way to Stagbrook Rectory, to explain matters to the Rev. Mr. Krane and his wife, and to ask them to part with Dolly.

'A French baron! gasped Miss Hamlet to her niece

Mail, Dolly, I feel sure they like me; I hink they will not mind your coming home to the chatcan; will not mind your coming home to the chatcan.

In the dancing-room. He approached Dolly sitting the dancing-room, He approached Dolly sitting the dancing-room of the property of the control of the property of the proper

rations of the windows. The chanacter's in garbronze and crystal, of a very elegant and elaborate
style.

The small drawing-room or reception-room is furmished in terra-cotta silk velvet, embroidered in floss
silk with flowers in their narural lines, the seats, sofas
etc., being in the cashion style, that is to say, without woodwork. The curtains are in embroidered
velvet, to match the furniture, the floor being covered with a Smyrna carpet. The dining-room is of
vast size and of nodle proportions; it is adapted to
seat fifty persons at dinner, and is superbly furmished, the wall-being panelled with crimson velvet,
bordered with bands of fine tapestry. The curtains
match the panels, the corniecs being of obony, very
massive and finery carved. The banet is in etomy,
adorned with mind work in colored metals, represcating fruits and arabesques, the fruits being in red
and vellow copper, and the other portions of the design in steel and gilt brass. The chaits are covered
with dark crimsen morocco, bearing the monogram
of the Minister on the back. The library is in a
severe and sombre style, appropriate to the destination of the room, a d-setting off the richness of
the drawing and dining-rooms by its quiet and
lasteful simplicity. The private office of Minister
Morton is farmished in red stamped Utrecht velvet
with black and gold woodwork, the decorations
of the room being also in black and gold. The
curtains are of red stamped Utrecht velvet, and an
elony exertione and a bable cabinet complete the
furniture of the room, the carpet being in subdued
old tapestry lites. On the second floor of the hotel
are situated the sleeping-rooms and dressing-rooms chony escritoire and a buhl cabinet complete the numiture of the room, the carpet being in subdued old tapestry likes. On the second floor of the hotel are situated the sleeping-rooms and dressing-rooms of the family. It will be seen by the above description that on reception or gain nights Mrs. Morton will be able to throw open the whole of the first floor to her guests, accommodation being thus afforded for at least 1,500 persons. The drawing-room, like the duning-room, is of exceptional dimensions for a French house.

SOCIETY IN AMERICAN CITIES.

From Ine Atlantic.

Since women have acquired such complex duties or relations, the varieties of society within a city's limits are queer. The superabundance of women, perhaps, has necessitated the trequent reading of a or relations, the varieties of society within a city's limits are queer. The superabindance of women, perhaps, has necessitated the trequent reading of a poem or essay as an introduction to the later supper. The wike of a small storekeeper invites you to pass a pleasant, social evening at her residence, and ghastly poems are recited, and original songs on crampled paper drawn from waisteoat pockets are sing. The wholesale merchant takes the retail trader to dinner at a hotel, not to his club nor to his house. At a reception of "choice friends," loose, disjointed kid gloves encase long, lank fingers, which give a lingering pressure on mitroduction, as a deep voice asks: "Where do you belong?" or, "What are you doing for society or the world?" or, "Have you a calling?" and if one could be sure that annual revenues would never fail one would like to exclaim: "I do nothing, am nobody, and aspire to nothing! I live on my estate." A widower says: "Since my wife's death I am endeavoring to maintain her social reunions. Will you come and read?" and you go—and find the pictures near the ceiling. The height at which pictures near the seciety-standing of their possessor. Money can bny color and trames: inherited taste alone can hang them; all other signs may rail, but the height of a picture will ever be the true indicator of one's social position. Intellectual entertainment is no test of one's social standing; the lowest and the highest are eager to other this piece de resistance. It takes the place of supper, or whets the appetite for something substantial, and is as often the biane as the delight of an evening. People are no longer supposed to possess chough intelligence to talk for two hours at their own sweet will, but the topic must be assigned by the paper, essay, brockure. Even codee-parties are intellectualized; a kettledrum, a ball, or a huge reception, remains as the only entertainment of mental improvement. When every one can ofier original mental food, who shall lead? The coterie in the side street is as larg

by saying to my face that your wife cannot hear you is worst of all.'

'Why, how can she hear?' persisted the Baron. The Roman Catholics believe that the saints and angels hear our prayers; I am not sure but we Protestants do. If my poor wife could hear every word I have ever said to you, she would rejoice rather than be said. Nearly the last words she breathed to me contained a hope that I should find another wife to love me as she had loved.'

It was now Dolly's turn to stare, as she took in what this implied. 'Is your wife dead?' she faltered.

She will have been dead a year on the thirtieth of this month,' said the Baron. 'Did you not know she was dead?'

No,' gasped Dolly. 'I heard last night that she was living. Please forgive me for showing anger.' He drew her back to the seat beside him, put his arm round her waist, perhaps by way of support, and let her have her cry out.

Your father and mother could have told you, my dear, that when they saw my wife with me in Switzerhand she was nearly in the last stage of consumption. All hope of recovery was then over. And, Dolly, I feel sure they like me; I think they will not mind your coming home to the chateau.'

For the first time that evening the Baron appeared in the dancing-room. He approached Dolly sitting nearly behind the window curtain. 'You will give me adance,' he whispered.

Each of this month,' said the Baron appeared in the dancing-room. He approached Dolly sitting nearly behind the window curtain. 'You will give me adance,' he whispered.

For the first time that evening the Baron appeared in the dancing-room. He approached Dolly sitting nearly behind the window curtain. 'You will give me adance,' he whispered.

The table linen is all home-spun, and good of its kind, but rather coarse. As in the matter of chemises, it is thought well to have an immense quantity. I remember being struck on one occasion with the fact that the table cloth was marked in four numbers. It was at the wedding of the cloest daughter, and a cupbeard full of linen the mother had with her "corredo" had been opened for the first time.

These hoards of linen make it possible to go on without a wash-up for a very long time. Washing is a yearly ceremony. It takes place in the spring, when a procession of carts convey the contents of various cupboards down to the river, if there is one, in the vicinity; if there is not, to the nearest mill-stream. This system of washing but once a year no doubt saves time and trouble; but it has its disadvantages, especially when extended to be members of the family themselves. In cold weather much washing of the person is considered to be dangerous to hearth; and my barbarity in satjecting a young baby to a daily bath during the winter excited almost as much virtuous indignation as my culpable neglect of the "fascia," so necessary to keep the legs straight. On receiving a heighbor much the house for a week, I thought it incambent on me, although it was the dead of winter, to provide him with all conveniences for washing, but these attentions were lost upon him; and my astonishment when the housemand thought it to inform

on me, although it was the dead of winter, to provide him with all conveniences for washing, but these attentions were lost upon him; and my astonishment when the housemand thought at to inform me in her dramatic way that neither scap, water, nor towel had been touched, was perhaps no greater than his own at linang these useless things provided. "The signora says to me," begins Marietta, "have you put scap into the room of that gentleman """Sissignora," "A bath?"—"Sissignora," "Two towels?"—"Sissignora, sissignord, ma, eignora non toccati, ne l'una, ne l'altra!"

It is not only in the natter of washing that Italian winter habits differ from ours. Fires are considered nuwholesome, but air is excluded as much as possible; the doors and windows kept tight shat day and night; draughts sedulously avoided. Greatcoats, hats, and c inforcers are worn by the men indoors, whilst the women swather their freads in woof, put on several gowns one atop of another, and sit with their hands in mufts and their feet on a "scaldino." Although no Italian lady ever goes out without making an elaborate toilet, indoors a dressing-gown, often in the most diapidated condition, is all that is considered necessary. To wear the same gown indoors as out of doors is a thing not thought of, and immediately on returning to the house after a walk the dressing-gown is resumed. In the outdoor costume great efforts are made to keep up with the fashnon-books, and engravings which relate thereto are much studied, but seldem with any great success.

HOW BALZAC WROTE.

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From The Argosy.

It is Honore de Balzac we are going to look in upon. Each of his novels, at least after he became great, was theroughly thought out in alt its ramifications before he put pen to paper. He would take a long journey to obtain the minutest point of a description, even of a street of a country town. As Dickens in Loudon, so was he in Paris, ever in the streets, in te-book in hand, ever piereing and penetrating into every class of society. When all the materials of his proposed work were amassed he would retire from the outward world. Every visitor was refused admittance, letters were left unopened, even the day light was shut out and candles supplied its place. His ordinary costume was exchanged for a loose, white, monkish gown, Turkish trousers and slippers. He rose at 2 a. m., and wrote from that time until 6; then he took a bath, in which he remained meditating frequently for an hour; at 8 he took codice, rested for another hour, and then resumed his writing until noon; after which there was another hour's interval for dejeuner; from 1 to 6 he wrote again, dined, received his publisher, and went to bed at 8.

This kind of life sometimes endured for two months. When it came to an end be had accommonths were transposed, expanded, altered. Then term were transposed, expanded, altered. Then came the proofs, the margins of which were enturned in a condition almost as inlegible. He was the terror of printers; few could read his copy, and the terror of printers; few could read his copy, and the terror of printers; few could read his copy, and the terror of printers; few could read his copy, and the terror of printers; few could read his copy, and the terror of printers; few could read his copy, and the swell made an express stipulation with their employer to work on it only one hour at a time. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said "over the claboration of my unfortunate style, and I am nevet satisfied with it when it is done."